TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Baby's Letter.

[On its Regular Annual Round.]

Dear old Uncle,
I dot oor letter,
My old mammy
She ditten better;
She every day
Little bit stronger,
Don't mean to be sick
Very much longer.
Daddy's so fat
Can't hardly stagger;
Mammy says he jinks
Too much lager!
Dear little baby
Had a bad colic
Had to take tree drops
Nassy paregolic,
Toot a dose of tatnip,
Felt worse as ever;
Shan't take no more
Tatnip never!
Wind on stomit,
Felt pooty bad,
Worse fit of sickness
Ever I had!
Ever had belly ate,
Old Uncle Bill?
'Taint no fun, now,
Say what oo will,
I used to sleep all day
And cry all night;
Don't do it now,
Cause 'taint yite.
But I'm growing,
Getting pooty fat,
Gained most two pounds -
Only tink o' yat!
Little femnin blankets
Was too big before,
Nurse can't pin me
In em no more.
Skirts so small,
Baby so stout,
Had to let the plaits
In em all out.
Got a head of hair
Jess as black as night,
And big boo eyes
Yat look mighty bright,
My mammy say
Never did see
Any ozzer baby
Half as sweet as me.
Grandma comes often,
Aunt Sarah, too;
Baby loves zem,
Baby loves oo.
Baby sends a pooty kiss
To his uncles all,
Aunties and cousins,
Big folk and small,
Can't yite no more,
So good-bye,
Bully old uncle
Wiz a glass eye!

Killing the Cat.

She was a dreadful cat. She killed chickens, and sucked eggs, and stole cream, and jumped on the table, and caught the little birds, and growled if you looked at her. She had not a single lovely trait. Why, she wasn't even worth naming, and we never called her anything but "Capt. Ingraham's old cat."

At last we couldn't bear her any longer—Augusta and I. My mother couldn't, either. We had to keep the cellar windows open to let in the air, and that old cat was always getting in and eating up things. She had eaten a whole brood of chickens, and the oriole that had built for four summers in the same swinging nest in our biggest elm-tree, and Kate's canary; and at last, one night she came through the cellar window and ate almost the whole of the fresh shad we were going to have for dinner the next day—grandma's birthday, and the minister coming!

My mother said then that there must be a stop put to it. So I went over to Augusta. I found her in the front hall rocking and knitting and humming, just as she almost always was.

"Augusta," said I, dropping on the broad door-stone among the woodbine and lily leaves, "We can't *stand* your old cat any longer. Ma says so."

"Well, no more can we. She troubles us like everything, and I despise her. But father won't kill her. *I* think he is afraid to. And Fred, he won't just because I want him to. You can't do anything with brothers," replied Augusta, looking so old and so wise that I, who never had a brother, was torn with envy and admiration.

For a minute she knit without rocking, while I pulled grass and waited to hear what she would say next. Augusta was two years older than I, and that counted for as many as a thousand in those days. She could knit a whole stocking and toe it off, and she could make biscuits and get supper, and I thought she could do everything. But I wasn't prepared, after all, for what she really proposed doing this time.

"What do you think?" said she solemnly, "Can't you and I kill her ourselves? Drown her? They say drowning is a very easy death."

"Of course we can," said I, stoutly.

If Augusta had suggested drowning her in the Red Sea I should not have made an objection, expecting she would find a way somehow.

"Say we do, then. You be catching her while I knit into the middle of my needle," returned Augusta.

"Well. She is out there licking her chops in the sun on the back door-steps. I can see her old gray tail now," said I, starting up.

But the cat started up, too, just as though she had overheard me, and, blinking at me out of her greedy yellow eyes, she slunk off under the corn-house.

We wasted the best part of an hour and more milk and soft words than we had given her in all our lives before, and *then* she wouldn't come out.

It was not till the sun began to drop behind the west-lot woods, and the frogs had piped up in soft, full chorus, that we had her fairly shut up in the kitchen bed-room. Then Augusta proceeded to make a very stout bag with flour-paste and the last week's *Gazette*.

"I will double it, so as to have it awful strong," said she, turning down the edges and dabbing them with the paste. "And a stone. We must have a stone to sink her; a smooth one, not too big; we can get one off the garden well; and a rag to tie it up in; the old dish-cloth will do; my mother is going to have a new one."

We were soon ready. We tied the stone in one end of the dish-cloth, and the other end Augusta fastened around the poor cat's neck; not too tightly; we wouldn't be so cruel as to drown her and choke her to death, too. Then we put stone and cat and all in the bag, and started for the little pond behind the house.

In the summer there was no pond at all, but in the spring time and after heavy rains the drippings of Deer Hill and the overflow of the swollen springs on its side made quite a respectable stream, where frogs lived merrily, and blue violets and innocence came down to look at their pale, sweet faces over the brink.

Our hearts misgave us a little when we heard a mild mew and low, faint struggles occasionally under the folds of Augusta's long calico apron, but we thought of the dead chickens and the skimmed milk, and, hardening ourselves, clambered resolutely over the rickety red fence, and came to the edge of the water at the widest and deepest spot.

"Now is your time, Augusta. Throw her as tight as you can, and then we will shut our eyes and run," said I, winking my eyes together as I spoke.

There was a flutter, a dash, and a spatter, and then a sudden stillness, while we turned our backs and ran as though an avenger were after us.

We walked awhile in the garden to take off the first horror of our fatal deed, smelling the *fleur-de-lis* and the budding lilacs that sweetened all the air.

At last we went back to the house, feeling like conquerors as well as murderers.

"They say folks think of everything they ever did when they are drowning," said Augusta, picking up her knitting work. "Do you suppose the old cat is remembering about your shad now?"

"I suppose she is. But, Augusta, don't you feel some as though you had a black mark on your forehead, like Cain?" said I.

Even as I spoke a shadow crossed the threshold, and, looking up, behold! there was the old gray cat herself, sneaking in with the dish-cloth still tied about her neck.

As I think of it now, I doubt if the water was much above her knees. But however that might be, Augusta and I never tried again to kill a cat, or, indeed, anything bigger than a mosquito. —*Hearth and Home.*

Children's Games.

FORTUNE-TELLING.—Each master or miss writes upon separate slips of paper the names of favorite sweethearts, incloses each slip in a ball of slightly moistened clay, or gravel, and casts the balls into a basin of water. As the water penetrates the gravel the latter crumbles away, and the first liberated slip coming to the surface of the water bears the name of "the one whose love is the best."

THE LETTER-CARRIER.—Everybody seated, save the "Letter-Carrier," and each taking the name of some town or city. The "Letter-Carrier" calls out: "The mail is going between New York and Boston" (or any other two places), and the representative) of the towns named try to exchange seats before he can reach either of them. If he does reach one before the exchange is made, that one must become the "Letter-Carrier."

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.—A figure is made up of shawls, false-face, a gilt paper crown, a window brush for the back of the head, etc., and placed behind the table. A boy on all fours, hidden by the robe of shawls, uses his hands and arms to represent the feet and legs of the puppet, and another boy, standing and similarly concealed, supplies the arms and hands above. The "magician" thus constructed is capable, of course, of many gesticulatory and gymnastic demonstrations in answer to the questions of his admirers.

SPINNING THE TOP.—All sit about a round table, and each chooses the name of some flower or animal. Then one rises and sets a small spinner or teetotum spinning from his fingers, on the table, calling the name of one of the chosen flowers or animals as he does so. The person whose choice that name has been must give the teetotum another spin and another name before it has fallen; and so on through the whole company, until some one of the called is not quick enough, and has to pay forfeit and become the spinner.

DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF.—To play this veteran game, which, by the way, is also a popular outdoor diversion, two standing circles are formed, one within the other. The leader goes around between the two holding a handkerchief, which he drops at the feet of whom he chooses. The one thus designated must then quickly slip out of his, or her, place in the ring, and, by dodging in and out among the others, strive not to be caught until getting all the way around to the place again. If caught, the captured one must go to the center and take the handkerchief.

KING AND QUEEN TUMBLETY.—A master and a miss are equipped respectively as a King and Queen while the remainder of the company are in an adjoining room or hall, and placed upon a throne formed by a shawl or colored table-cover, placed carefully across two low stools about two feet apart. Then the company are brought in one by one, and graciously requested by their majesties to take a seat between them. As the gratified courtier undertakes to do this the King and the Queen simultaneously rise, when down plumps the victim between the two concealed stools.

SHADOW-SHOW.—A sheet is suspended tightly across a darkened room, a candle (never a kerosene lamp) lighted and placed upon the floor a few feet behind it, and the selected players are ranged behind the candle. All being ready for the show, the players, dressed in any comic way, may perform what funny pantomime they choose between candle and sheet, and their shadows will be projected upon the latter to the uproarious amusement of the audience on the other side. By jumping over the candle from before it, the jumper is made to disappear very laughingly and surprisingly in the air.

FOLLOW THE FIDDLER.—Each person selects an instrument, the playing upon which he or she will imitate by motion of hands. The leader, standing in the center of the circle, cries "Follow the Fiddler!" and pretends to be playing upon a fiddle. All eyes must be kept upon him, and while he acts the fiddler all the other must keep on imitating their own instruments—piano, hand-organ, flute, drums, or whatever they are. When he changes off to another instrument, the one who has been imitating the latter must instantly turn fiddler. If failing to do so in time, the delinquent must pay some forfeit, and become fiddler in his turn,

BOTHER MY NEIGHBOR.—The favorite form of a circle is assumed once more for this lively game, and a leader begins by saying: "Neighbor, neighbor, I came to bother you!" The person sitting next asks, "How?" To which the leader says: "By making you do as I do." As the leader says this he moves one hand up and down, and all the others do the same. Then he moves both hands; and then nods his head violently; and then joins in with one foot after another—being imitated, of course, by the others—until the whole circle is in a most comical commotion of limbs and bodies.

Results of the Temperance War.

The results of this uprising will be these: Multitudes of the young will this year keep back from the intoxicating cup; hundreds of villages where all know each other by name will form a temperance friendship which will purify their home atmosphere for years to come; our towns and villages having been morally improved, the ruin in the cities will still leave the nation a moral hope in the nobler millions outside, the hope of America being not in its cities, but in its almost infinite country life come and yet to come. Rising up out of religion, by its impulse and following its entreaty, this commotion will go far to compel sects to stand upon one level, and will compel the pulpit to abandon the endless definition of Christianity in favor of an application of its blessedness to the strong men bowing beneath a dreadful vice and to the hearts of their families bowing under hunger and cold and all private neglect and public disgrace. After so long a time the use of Christianity should follow its discovery. From women the cause will pass to the columns of the newspapers and to the legislative halls and to the bench of the Judge and bosoms of the jury. Hence we cannot but hope this awakening will go forward, spreading out a storm cloud over parched fields in June, and that whereas in the dark ages crusades were made in the name of Christianity in search of only a tomb in dead rocks where at the best nothing had ever been but dust, and as now a few devotees are making pilgrimages to rescue, not an empty tomb from infidels, but some from death, and are chanting their hymns, not where some old name is carved on a rock, but to living hearts made in the image of God, and capable of nobleness here and blessedness in the life to come—*Prof. Swing, of Chicago.*

Demoralization in Jerusalem.

The London correspondent of the *Jewish Messenger* says that he is in receipt of a private letter from Jerusalem, which gives a sad account of the state of things in the Holy City. Beggars are many, laborers few. It is, indeed, sad to hear these continued descriptions from impartial witnesses of the miserable, beggarly position of the Jews of Jerusalem. A great deal of the present misery of the Jerusalem Jews is directly traced to the misplaced, ill-advised generosity of the European Jews, who think they are discharging a religious duty, as well as performing a charitable act, by sending money in the form of *Chelucha*h to Jerusalem. Old men, middle aged men, and even young lads who can and ought to be made to work for their living, center their whole object in life upon sharing in the funds obtained from the Jews outside of Jerusalem. The worst of it is that the young children follow, and, in fact, are made to follow the pernicious example of their parents. There must eventually come a time when concerted action will be taken by the Jews of Europe upon this question. Undoubtedly great good could be done with the money now sent to Jerusalem if a better system of distribution were organized. As it is under the present system, the money does much more harm than good.

Religious Wars.

Even the white mantle of religion is too frequently dragged through the bloody pool of war. Spain waged war with England in the seventeenth century because the latter founded colonies in America. The former in behalf of the Pope of Rome claimed that all heathen countries belonged to him as the vicegerant of God upon earth. The thirty years' war, 1618–1648, between Germany and France was a contest for supremacy between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. The Greek and Latin monks of Jerusalem disputed about who should keep the key of the Holy Sepulchre. Whereupon Russia suspended diplomatic relations with Turkey and war subsequently ensued. Hence Edward Everett remarked with a smile that Russia and Turkey went to war, spent millions of treasure and thousands of lives to decide who should keep the key of the tomb of the Prince of Peace.—*Exchange.*

Fire.

According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians, and when a celebrated astronomer showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures The Persians. Phœnicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledged that their ancestors were without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanion, Mola, Plutarch, and other ancient writers speak of nations which, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1561, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon the wood.

HOW TO PREPARE COFFEE.—French cooks say good coffee cannot be made by boiling; it must be leached; the aroma and flavor of the coffee goes off in the steam if it is boiled. The ground coffee must be put in a vessel that is like a fine sieve in the bottom, pour boiling water on this, and as soon as it passes through it is fit for use and if not used immediately should be placed where it will simply keep hot and not boil. We give this French method of making good coffee not for the benefit of hygienists, for they will not use coffee, but to those who still feel that they must take coffee, we would say, if you must have it, make it in the best way. —*Journal of Health.*

CHARLES SUMNER.

An Elegant Word-picture of the Departed Statesman, by Henry Ward Beecher.

[From the Christian Union.]

Massachusetts has taken back from the nation, to which she gave him, all that was mortal of her best beloved son, recommitting to its keeping the immortal part of him, his memory. As is the way of tender mothers, her grief has made her eloquent, and she is not yet weary of recalling and repeating instances of his early promise and ripe fulfillment which she had long forgotten; so that, partly through her revelations, and partly through those of that great revealer, death, we come to know Charles Sumner, dead, as he could not be known, living.

For it was the irony of fortune, who lavished all her good gifts on him, to give him also a manner of carrying them which provoked uncharitableness. A certain arrogance of behavior misrepresented the man and set him apart from his fellows. He roused antagonisms where he wished to awaken sympathy and co-operation. He had little power of conciliation. He owned no soft arts of persuasion. And the loneliness of spirit which these limitations prescribed to him reacted on his manner, making him seem more and more self-centered and indifferent to the good-will of his neighbors, as time went on. Of his methods many men of equal honesty and equal zeal wholly disapproved. From his conclusions multitudes not less single of eye and clear of purpose widely dissented. For many years of his life he was in the narrowest minority as to his attitude toward popular men and measures. Only last winter, indeed, one would have said that he had almost no following, either in the Senate, in his own State, or among the public.

Now comes friendly Death, setting him a little farther off, and breathing on our dull eyes in passing. All the accidents of the man, those small infirmities that irritated his friends and exasperated his enemies, are seen to be no part of his high nature. They are gone, and we behold an upright soul wholly dedicated to God. The world seems to rest on fidelity such as his. Remembering it, men are touched to sincerity and earnestness. And if they still dissent from his convictions, they bear swift witness to the heroism and the sublimity of his faith in them. As to his self-absorption, they see and say that so high a spirit could not care for the petty and mean details that made up life to most of his fellows. As for his pedantry and obstinacy, these seem now to be that large understanding, that certainty of judgment, that sagacity, and pride of character which could not abate anything of the truth that conscience discerned and rectitude insisted on. And for his vanity, much that went by that ugly name shows as the frank and harmless expression of the delight in its own successes of a nature too simple and direct to conceal anything, a mind too innocent to clothe itself in the fig-leaves of conventional reticence. What other man in public life, neglecting no duty, however trivial, which his constituents laid upon him, yet dwelt among the poets, and philosophers, and philanthropists of all ages? What other man, in this material age, so scorned delights and lived laborous days, that he might lay on the altar of his cause the finest fruits of culture and thought? If he were vain, it was not of any accidental gift, but of his power of earnest, honest, conscientious work. For he did not overrate himself. He knew that power was his only genius. He said of himself, "People should remember that I am not a fountain. I am only a cistern, and they must wait for me to fill up."

Though, living, it was said of him that he did not care for his kind, men now crowd to declare that his care for them was wonderful, passing the love of women. But it is eight millions of poor, and ignorant, and degraded creatures that never saw his face, who can best testify to the frendliness of his spirit. No knight of Arthur's Table, no hero of romance, not Bayard, nor Sidney, took up in his fiery youth so grand a cause, or bore it so loftily through so deadly peril, or died in his sad age so blameless, so successful, or so alone.

For, in judging him, it must not be forgotten that this greatest democrat the land has bred; this man who so believed in the dignity and the rights of human nature that he seized the opportunity of the war to urge the making of the Mississippi slave his own political equal; a test of the democartic idea from which Jefferson himself might have shrunk; this man who gave his life for a people who could give him nothing in return; this man who died with his hand in the hand of a negro, was an aristocrat by virtue of his name, his descent, his associations, his instincts, his loves. He was born into the best society of the land. He was its pet and prodigy. It laid all its honors and pleasures at his feet, asking only that he should accept life as he found it with well-bread ease, eschewing the ranks of those low fellows, who even then, were seeking to turn the world upside down. The terms did not seem hard. He was expected to do only what the most cultivated, the most refined, the most estimable, the most eloquent, the richest circles were doing the land over. He was desired to hold his peace as to vexed questions, and maintain the prosperity of his country, after the example which great orators, poets, patriots, senators, lawyers, clergymen, thought it no shame but rather glory to set.

He chose God, and not mammon, and the choice cost him friendships which came back to him only in death, misconception, endless strife, public martyrdom which filled the world, and private sorrows that he never told. His beliefs brought him into close contact with things hateful to him. Coarseness, illiterateness, bad manners, dirt he loathed. He could not interest himself, personally, in a man who was uninteresting. He had not the enthusiasm of philanthropy to warm and cheer him. He stood for justice rather than for benificence, and justice is a cold lover. He was called a man of one idea, but it was the one idea of God in government, which transcends and includes all other ideas, and, working outward and downward, purifies and benefits every interest or institution of the state.

All these circumstances of his life make up the value of his memory. For, see! Here was a pure, proud spirit, more alone, perhaps, than any other famous man upon this continent, save as he was accompanied by noble thoughts. He had never been a popular idol. He had neither desired nor held popular office. He had no friendly nickname from the multitude. He withheld himself from the crowd. Over and over again he assailed the favorite or the project of the hour. At one time the whole South would have set a price upon his head. At another, half the North would have prayed that a hook might be set in his jaw. Yet, when he died, the bells of Charlestown tolled, the flags of Louisville hung at half mast, the flowers of that Virginia which once hated him were heaped up on his quiet breast. Philadelphia begged that he might rest, if only for an hour, at Independence Hall, on his last journey home. New York asked leave to render whatever reverent honors might be permitted her. Every New England village and city where the funeral train paused offered the tribute of its tears and silence; and Boston, whose child he was, smote herself on the breast that she had ever wronged him, covered him with violets and lilies, emblems of his purity, and sobbed out above his coffin the tardy love he never doubted even in her denial.

These things mean that in the end virtue comes to its own. They are the proof that the best gift of a man to his fellows is character, out of which alone flows noble service. They testify that honor and integrity outlive detraction and triumph over death. They make popularity seem the fleeting accident it is, once more declare truth as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam, and bring new witness to the poet's saying:

"Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man?—three treasures, love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

When the flower of the culture, the breeding, the eloquence of Massachusetts gathered in Faneuil Hall to give voice to the general grief, the broken words of one black man seemed to outweigh all the rest. "We stand," he said (the colored race), "like so many little children whose parent has passed away." Over what other grave was such a tribute ever spoken? Or to what higher uses brought ever any man such gifts?

No titular decoration of the name of Charles Sumner, whether as a prefix or an affix, ever made that name seem so noble as it did when standing entirely alone in the dignity of its own syllables. Some names of great men come to be more than specific destinations; they expand in the popular imagination to be new generic terms for great moral or immoral qualities. Thus, George Washington, Benedict Arnold, Daniel Webster, are no longer merely names of three men who once lived, but are synonyms respectively of civic virtue, of the most criminal treason, and of massive intellectual power. So Charles Sumner is a name which has come to represent not merely the man who bore it, but the ideal character of the American Senator—a type of personality as stately as that of the Roman Senator, and far broader, brighter, more versatile and more humane. We do not forget any important personage on that roll of illustrious citizens who have sat in the American Senate since the foundation of the Republic, when we say that Mr. Sumner seems to us to have gathered into his own character more completely than any other those traits which we should all agree to call Senatorial. He realized to the full majesty of his great office—the most to be desired, we think, of any office in the Republic. He was the Senator. He never held any office below that of Senator; he never seemed to believe that there was any higher office. Other great Senators, Madison, Clay, John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Seward, Webster, Chase, have held other positions in the Government, and have colored the reputations they acquired in the Senate by the reputations they acquired in the Cabinet, in the Executive office, and on the bench. Mr. Sumner's reputation is unique as the growth of the Senate alone. They all appeared to regard the Senate Chamber as a vestibule to the Presidency, and while in that Chamber they filled it with their impatient ambitions to get beyond it. When Mr. Sumner entered the Senate, he entered it to stay there, and to do his life-work there, and to be the incorrupt and imperturbable advocate there of every patriotic thought, and the representative of every unrepresented man. There was that, also, in his person, his bearing, that met and satisfied the grandest conception that any citizen could form of a Senator. And even his home in Washington was what an American Senator's house should be—a central, elegant, dignified residence, fronting the great tides of population, and filled with the best books, pictures, statues, and with the symbols of what is beautiful, and hopeful, and good in the past and present of mankind. When a few years ago Wellington gave up his life, his countrymen said: "The Duke is dead!" and all understood what Duke was meant. So now Americans might say, "The Senator is gone!" and there would be no uncertainty in the phrase.

Yoked with a Calf.

A correspondent of a neighboring journal tells of a county clerk in a rural town who had a pet calf which he was training up in the ways of the ox. The calf walked around very peaceably under one end of the yoke while Mr. Clerk held up the other end, but in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke, to let the calf see how it would work with a partner. This frightened the calf, and elevating his tail, he struck at dead run for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along with his head down, and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice, "Here! here! Confound it! Somebody head us off!"

HENRY WILSON is soon to leave for the Arkansas Hot Springs for his health.

General Notes.

BOSTON is valued at $800,000,000.

GREECE is about the size of Vermont.

THE Bible is read in 10,000 Pennsylvania schools.

BY industry a good farmer in Europe can get $50 a year and a suit of clothes as wages.

THE census of Galveston, just completed, shows an increase of 20,000 in three years.

THE German Empire contains about 17,300 Catholic priests, 2,000 monks, and 12,000 nuns.

THERE is a daily average of fifty-eight and a half tons of mail dispatched from the New York Postoffice.

THE English channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior, and Lake Huron is as large as the Sea of Azof.

THE Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Washington to have a statue of the late Senator John P. Hale placed in the Capitol.

A DOCTOR writes to the Baltimore *Sun* that the nervous disease known as hydrophobia can be produced by the bite of a perfectly healthy dog.

IT cost the New York Central railroad $10,500 to throw Mr. Morehouse off a train because his dated ticket said good for this day (the day before using) only.

IN many of the foot-hill counties skirting the Sierras, genuine native coffee is growing in abundance. The plant is indigenous to the soil and grows luxuriantly.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE lost £150,000, Mr. Wynn Ellis £200,000, and Sir Seymour Fitzgerald £200,000 worth of pictures by the burning of the Pantechnicon in London.

SENATOR SUMNER has no relative living except one sister, Mrs. Hastings, who resides in California. He has had two brothers and several other sisters, who are all dead.

THIS is the percentage of soldiers unable to read and write in the several European armies: Prussia, 3.84; Russia, 11.85; Spain, 50.00; Italy, 33.00; Great Britain and Ireland, 13.00; France, 25.00.

DURING the political campaign of 1873, Patrick Healy had a leg broken with other injuries by the explosion of fireworks while watching a torchlight procession in Boston, and sued the Committee of the Grant Central Campaign Club for $1,000 damages. The jury has just awarded him $593.

TEA is now extensively raised in Hindoostan, the exports to England in 1872 exceeding 16,000,000 pounds. The India teas are of rare flavor, and are used by English shopkeepers to mix with the Chinese. The culture in the Indies is now carried on by joint stock companies, which are paying from ten to twenty per cent. dividends.

MARSHAL BAZAINE, in his "seclusion" at Sainte-Marguerite, only goes out for two hours in the day, walking in the court belonging to his prison, under the surveillance of two keepers. His meals are furnished by the boatman of the island, who is, at the same time, sutler of the troops. His guard is composed of ninety soldiers of the line and five jailors.

IT is said that the first iron-works on this continent were erected near Jamestown, Va., previous to 1620. This enterprise was launched under the auspices of the London Company, which planted Virginia. On the 22d of May, 1622, the Indians commenced a general massacre and demolished the works, the Superintendent and his workmen falling victims to the savages.

THE population of the Island of Cuba is rather below 1,500,000 inhabitants, of whom 700,000 are of pure European race. Of the latter number about 125,000 were born in Spain. There are 370,000 slaves. The rest of the population is composed of free people of color and a small number of coolies. More than one-half of the labor of the island is done by freemen.

My Grandfather's Story.

My grandfather tells the following story: In the course of a journey through the West, he came to a remarkably healthy locality, where people lived to a wonderful old age. As he approached the village tavern he beheld the oldest white-headed man he had ever seen, seated on the porch, crying like a child. In answer to an inquiry as to the cause of his grief, he sobbed out:

"My father has just been licking me."

Thinking the old man insane, my grandfather went into the bar-room, and, seeing another man there, much older than the first, and thinking to have a little sport with him, he said:

"Sir, your son out there says you have been licking him."

"Yes," replied the landlord, for such he was, "I could not help it. The young rascal was chasing his grandfather around a ten acre lot, and throwing stones at him. So I had to interfere, stranger."

That settled my grandfather. He concluded he had either stumbled upon a pair of lunatics, or that he had come across a remarkably healthy country.

Royal Incomes.

The following is the list of royal incomes given in the German *Dahheim Kalender* for 1874: The Emperor of Russia, 8,250,000 thalers; the Sultan of Turkey 6,000,000 thalers; the Emperor of Austria, 5,500,000; the Emperer of Germany, (as King of Prussia) 4,500,000; the King of Italy, 2,500,000 thalers; the Queen of England, 2,500,000 thalers. In proportion to the national income of these countries, the Queen of England receives the lowest civil list—namely, 7-10ths per cent.; the Sultan receives the highest, 11 per cent. The second chamber of Saxony has fixed 950,000 thalers the civil list of King Albert. A thaler is equal to about seventy cents of United States money.

MUTUAL cremation societies are forming in New York.